

## FAIR IN THE SOUTH.

Far in the south, the redwoods bear, and speed  
To answer Nature's far heaved northern cry,  
Swift from the forests they gather, and take on  
The burden of a journey. Young and old  
Swing upward to the sun, as if the need  
Of earth and of her comfort were gone by.  
And guided by the star of memory run  
Upon the trembling air. If, loosing hold  
With weary wing, one settles to the land,  
It always glances from the light, one sees  
A fainter light than hope, or faltering.  
Another answer to the white command  
Harled upward from the sun—yet joyfully  
The happy light speeds onward with the  
spring.

—Harper's Weekly.

## HOUSE TO LET.

"We have got to move!" sighed Selma Spencer. The wind rustled in the leafless poplar trees, the muslin curtains flapped in the draft. Old Dorcas, the colored servant, went on sprinkling the pillow cases on the pine table in the corner.

"I've seen it coming this long time," said Selma. "The landlord has been as good and considerate as possible."

"De lan'lord's an old harpy?" said Dorcas. "Lan'lords allays is!"

"No, he's not," persisted Selma. "We owe him eight months' rent already, and I do not know how he is ever to get his money. I would offer him the piano and the carved rosewood parlor set, if I thought they would possess any value in his eyes—in part payment I mean."

Dorcas rolled up the coffee colored wiles of her eyes.

"Dat piano was Miss Adelaide's when she come from Baltimore boarding school," said she. "Dat luby furniture was made to order in Annapolis! No, Miss Lina—not viv dis chile's consent!"

And she rolled a thin old damask table cloth very tight and packed it into the basket with emphasis.

"Mamma must know nothing of this," Dorcas said Selma sadly.

"Dunno how you're gvine to keep it from her, Miss Lina."

"It can be done, Dorcas. I've thought it all out," said the girl. "She must be made to suppose that she's going to spend a few days with my employers at Newport."

"Has dey done asked her, Miss Lina?" "No, you gossel. I don't suppose that they even know that I've got a mother."

I am only a typewriter and stenographer in their eyes, and I render my services at so much a day. Mrs. Plimmon is known all through New York as a female philanthropist, but while she's helping poor immigrants out of the slums and rectifying the slopshop question, she don't appreciate that a well dressed southern lady may be in sore straits. But she'll make as good a figure as any other."

"Miss Lina," said Dorcas, after a brief silence, during which she rolled and sprinkled, patted and folded with unceasing vigilance.

"Well?"

"I knows what I could git four dollars a week for landress, or five for cook. Think o' dat, Miss Lina."

"Do you want to leave us, Dorcas?" The old woman uttered a subdued groan. "Lord knows it ain't dat, Miss Lina! Lord knows it's honor enough to work for de ole Spencers! But it's money we want—an every cent o' de ole woman's wages, dey'll come back to de ma'am and Miss Lina."

The long lashes dropped over Selma Spencer's lovely hazel eyes. "It's of no use, Dorcas," said she. "We've got to bend before the storm. Hush! Do you hear that tapping?"

"Somebody knocking at de do?" cried Dorcas. "Why on air don't dey ring de bell?"

"No," Selma, detaining her as she was about to answer the supposed summons. "It's the agent putting up the 'To Let.' But whatever happens, Dorcas, don't let mamma know!"

She rose and getting up her hat and gloves, went up the wide, gloomy old staircase. Dorcas looked after her and shook her turbaned head.

"Meks b'lieve she's pow'ful brave!" muttered she. "Tinks ole Dorcas dunno she's cryin' dis berry minute! Why didn't she marry Mars George Berkeley when he axed her an sabe herself all dis trouble?"

Up in the dimly lighted sitting room Mrs. Spencer sat, a faded figure of the olden days. The piano was open, the window was full of carefully tended plants, a pink shaded lamp burned on the table, and Mrs. Spencer herself was engaged in crevel work with slow, languid fingers.

"You are later than usual tonight, Selma," said she fretfully. "Perhaps your idea of a dutiful daughter is different from mine, but I think any amount of Shakespeare and Browning classes oughtn't to take so much of your time away from your mother."

"I stopped to give Dorcas orders in the kitchen, mamma," Selma cheerfully answered. "But I'm all ready now. What shall I read to you until the tea comes up?"

"Well," said the poor lady feebly. "I'd like a few chapters of the 'Scottish Chiefs.' It was the first novel my dear papa ever allowed me to read—and in my opinion your 'Quixotes' and 'Baboons' don't come near it."

And while Selma read out the trials of Helen Mar and Bruce the brave, she wondered how on earth she should manage about showing the house to the eager sightseers who would be sure to be attracted by the legend "To Let" on the morrow.

"Can't go in dat ar room!" said Dorcas, interposing her stout figure between a hard featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. "Dat's private, dat ar!"

"Anything wrong in the room?" sharply questioned the woman.

"No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas. "Ceilings crackled! Water pipes burst!"

"No'm."

"Then why can't I see it?" with a sudden push in that direction.

She might as well have attempted to charge a battery of artillery. Old Dorcas stood immovable.

"Lady ain't well, mum," said she. "Can't nobody go in dat room? Tole you so afore!"

"Anything contagious?"

"No'm."

"Strue?"

"Yes'm, sartin shuah!"

"Very well," said the house hunter, with a forward jerk of her chin; "I shall take no house that I can't see every inch of!" and she flounced out.

All day long Dorcas fought the army of investigators valiantly, and at night, as she herself observed, "she was jee' as tired as if she'd done a double day's wash." Stout ladies peered into the cellular and denounced the drainage; lean

ladies poked their parasols into the kitchen sink and tore off strips of the hall paper. Deep voiced men parleyed as to the monthly rental; fat old gentlemen asked questions in husky accents. "I shall go crazy," said Dorcas. The next morning, however, dove winged Peace once more settled down on the field of action. The agent came up and removed the bill.

"The house is taken," said he. "Who's took it?" demanded Dorcas, who chanced just then to be scouring the brasses. But the agent either did not know or would not tell. Dorcas heaved a deep sigh. "Deu," says she, "we've got to clear out."

The landlord sent Selma a polite note in a day or two. He had concluded, he wrote, to accept her offer of the furniture and belongings as an equivalent for a certain portion of the unpaid rent.

"Now," said Dorcas, "what is we to do?"

Poor Mrs. Spencer was all in a flutter. The Newport scheme delighted her, and she was very busy looking over her wardrobe with reference to the coming visit. Selma had written to the aunt of an old schoolmate of hers, who kept a boarding house in the fair seaside city asking her lowest price for a comfortable room. Dorcas was to go with Mrs. Spencer as attendant and maid, and Selma had resolved to hire a room in New York and board herself as well as she could.

"But this has been a dear old home," she murmured. "I wonder whose hands will strike the yellow keys of mamma's old piano and dust my flowing blue china and arrange the old fiddle backed chairs."

The purple sunlight shone softly in the scent of a stalk of hyacinths in a glass on the mantel brought back reminiscences of the old southern flower gardens, and all of a sudden a voice which she had last heard in those very gardens struck on her ear.

"Selma—have I startled you?" "Mr. Berkeley!"

He extended a cordial hand. "Perhaps you fancied that I could not trace you out?" said he. "But I am better at hide and seek than you thought."

She courted haughtily. His hand some countenance fell. Evidently he was deeply disappointed.

"Are you not glad to see me, Selma?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Selma! I had counted so much on this interview! I had planned to renew my suit—to ask you once more to be my wife."

She drew her slight figure up. "You are presuming too much on my very evident poverty, Mr. Berkeley," said she. "I refused you when I was Miss Spencer, of Spencer Vale. What sort of a woman should I be if I were now to accept you—simply as a protection against adversity?"

"But, Selma!"

"Pray excuse me from any further discussion of the question," said Selma.

"May I not hope to see your mother?" he persisted.

"I should prefer not."

"Do you know, Selma," he said, after a brief silence, "that this is a very bitter mortification to me?"

"Is it? Then what must it be to me?" she retorted, almost fiercely, looking up at him.

He stood a second or two gazing sadly at her. Stung by the scrutiny, she swept from the room like an angered princess.

Half a minute later she came hurrying back, full of sweet, strange misgivings. But he was gone.

"I have let another opportunity slip by," she murmured. "Oh, heavens! where is my life drifting to?"

At that moment Aunt Dorcas ushered in the landlord, a fussy, bald headed old gentleman with a fur collar to his coat.

"Good evening, Miss Spencer," said he. "I expected to meet the new party home."

"The—I beg your pardon," said Selma.

"The gentleman who has purchased this house and furniture," explained Mr. Berkeley, "and settled it on yourself and your mother. A friend of yours, I suppose—Mr. Berkeley."

Standing sadly in the shadow of the rustling poplar bushes outside George Berkeley felt the magnetic influence of another presence. A soft voice stirred the twilight air, like the far off music of forgotten days.

"Mr. Berkeley," it said—"Georgel—please will you forgive me?"

A dead silence ensued.

"Won't you, Georgel?" with a little sob in the voice. "I didn't mean to speak so harshly to you. I didn't know then what I know now of your noble generosity."

Silence—only silence still.

"If I accept it for dear mamma's sake, you surely will not misinterpret me. Oh, Georgel! how can you be so cruel? Why don't you answer me? What are you waiting for me to say?"

And still no word broke that haunting silence.

"Georgel," in a low voice, "I've changed my mind. I will be your wife!" He took her in his arms.

"Dear, sweetheart!" he murmured. "Dear little melting snow wren! I knew that love would conquer you at last!"

When Mrs. Spencer heard of the engagement she said quietly:

"I always thought they cared for each other, but since your master died, Dorcas, my poor head has scarcely been itself; but make haste and finish the packing. We are going to Newport, are we not?"

And so the wedding trip was to Newport.—Toronto Mail.

**The Original Eleven Ostriches.**

The longevity of the ostrich is a quality that commends it to capitalists. Arthur Douglas, a poor sheep farmer near Graham's Town, South Africa, was the pioneer ostrich farmer. He started in 1865 with eleven wild bird chicks and finding that they could be raised in captivity, he started in to supply the market with domestic fowls. He has raised and sold thousands of chicks and stocked many of the surrounding ranches, has marketed thousands of dollars' worth of feathers, and still has the eleven original wild birds breeding and yielding good marketable feathers.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Happiest and Healthiest.**

After all, those are the happiest and healthiest persons who can labor moderately and sensibly at their duties day by day through the year, and who take with keen zest the pleasures of each season as they come to them in their own locality. Those who frantically chase happiness and pleasure from seashore to mountain and from continent to continent not infrequently bring back very little from the pursuit.—Providence Journal.

## OUTWITTING THE SMUGGLERS.

How Uncle Sam's Customs Officers Capture Contraband Cigars.

"The ways of smugglers are peculiar, but the ways of custom house men can more than outdo them," remarked the purser of a Havana line steamer.

"You know," he added reflectively, "a man who visits the West Indies and appreciates a fine cigar seldom comes back to this country without making an attempt to do some quiet smuggling. Of course the contraband articles are cigars. It may not be because he is mean, but the duty is stiff, and I can easily imagine with what pleasure a box of cigars can be passed around among a few friends."

"This does not worry our friend, the customs man, for his arrangements, although most simple, do not fall far short of perfection. He knows of the whereabouts of every large lot of cigars which leave Havana, and when we arrive here has, in all probability, a complete list of the number we have on board and the names of their owners."

"You don't believe it. Well, nevertheless it is a fact. When smuggling was more of a business some years ago than it is now, a clever customs man developed a scheme by which the quantity of cigars smuggled in this port was reduced to a minimum."

"An agent of the department was placed at Havana. He straightway made friends with the cigar dealers and manufacturers. This cost money, but the game was worth the candle. Whenever cigars were sold to an American or an Englishman, in nine cases out of ten the dealer delivered them, and politely insisted on doing so."

"At the request of the buyer they would invariably be sent on board his steamship or to the hotel at which he was boarding. In this way the buyer's name and address were ascertained."

"The crafty Cuban would then make a memorandum of this seemingly worthless information and send it to Uncle Sam's agent. Once in his possession, that man kept well posted in regard to the buyer's movements, and on the day he sailed for New York the amateur smuggler's name, description and the number of cigars which he had were called to the authorities here."

"No fear of detection bothered the would be smuggler, and on arrival he would give the customs man the coldest kind of a bluff until a few facts and figures were presented to him."

"Do they give up the cigars? Oh, yes, but with mighty bad grace, and if all the customs men could be paralyzed for the wishing, I assure you Uncle Sam would not have an abedolled man in the business. It is hard luck to have some other man smoke the weed which your money has paid for, but it happens more often than you imagine. The goods are always confiscated, and the amateur smugglers are lucky in getting out of a bad hole, for smuggling is an offense not to be trifled with."

"Oh, yes, there are dozens of ways by which cigars could be smuggled in this port without detection; but the practice could not be carried on long, so the business has not grown. Sorry I can't give you some inside information, but it would be bad policy."

Then the smart looking purser reflectively puffed a cigar which had never said duty.—New York Sun.

**Cleaning Car Wheels.**

Very efficient work is now being done in various departments by the use of the sand blast. One of the latest applications is to the cleaning of car wheels.

The wheel, after being carefully soaked, is rolled into a small chamber, where it stands in a vertical position. The road of the wheel stands on rollers, which are moved by gears so that the wheel is slowly revolved without changing its position. A fine into which cinders are fed by a chute leading from a bin above leads a blast of air against the face of the wheel, which is then reversed.

The cinders used vary from the size of a grain of wheat to much larger and are so hard that they can be used several times. The time saved by this method can be imagined when one man can clean twenty wheels in three hours and a half, including the time consumed in rolling them to and from the machine, and the saving in labor is proportionately great.—Chicago News.

**Ignorance About Ostriches.**

Americans in general must be in possession of a vast fund of varied, accurate and well authenticated ignorance about ostriches. This is the conclusion reached by a reporter after an hour's conversation with a professional ostrich farmer. The gentleman is Mr. H. G. Reid, who paid \$12,000 and gave five years' hard work to acquire what he knows. He is a Scotchman of education and intelligence, and has a rare facility of making people take an interest in what interests him. He has spent several months in teaching Californians how to get a little profit out of ostrich farming.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Shot Dead by His Mule.**

C. N. Hammond, living two miles south of Jackson, heard a noise at his barn, and, thinking that a thief was about, took his pistol and went out. It is thought he was carrying a mule which kicked him, causing the pistol to go off. The ball passed through his body. He lived but a few hours and died without ever speaking.—Cor. Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

**A New Kind of a School is about to be started.** The University of Pennsylvania has received \$700,000 in gifts to be used for founding a school of American history and institutions.

The new tunnel of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, under the city of Baltimore, will cost upward of \$6,000,000. It is being pushed night and day, fully 1,000 men being at work upon it.

A recent importation of orange trees into California from Tahiti showed them to be infested by a new insect, and the authorities will not allow them to be landed.

The bicycle has become almost as popular in Germany as it is in the United States. The German Union of Bicyclists now has over 1,400 members.

## PRAYER, WORK AND PLAY

THE ARDUOUS DAILY ROUTINE IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

A Course of Study and Training That Weeks Out from the Priesthood Many Men Who Are Not Possessed of an Unflagging Zeal—Plain Food and Prayers.

What kind of a life is it in our colleges? Well, I suppose it is much the same as the life in colleges which are not ecclesiastical. Of course, church students have many more prayers to say, and are expected to observe the rules with more fidelity than other students.

They rise early—in foreign colleges at 5 in winter and 6 in summer—in most English colleges at 6 all the year round. Half an hour is allowed for dressing, after which all go down in silence to the church, where morning prayers are said, and a meditation is held for half an hour on some spiritual subject. Meditation is followed immediately by the celebration of mass, and altogether about an hour is spent every morning in spiritual exercises. Then follows study till breakfast time, at 8.

Breakfast consists of a bowl of coffee or tea, with bread and butter at discretion in the home colleges, while abroad one has a choice between coffee, milk and chocolate, but the bread must be eaten dry. It is wonderful what a substantial meal can be made of coffee and dry bread when there is nothing else to be had. A few minutes for recreation are allowed after breakfast, then work goes on till dinner time, broken only by half an hour's recreation at 11 o'clock.

**PLAIN FARE.**

Dinner, which is eaten at 1, is always a good, substantial meal, and ample justice is done to it after the rather thin breakfast. No study is allowed during the hour and a half following dinner. All who are well enough must join in the public games, which for the most part are played with great spirit and keenly enjoyed.

At 3 o'clock the studies commence again, and class and lecture or preparation for them, with half an hour's rest at 5, go on until 7 or half past, when thirty minutes are given to prayer and the reading of the life of some saint. After the prayers all go to the refectory for supper, which, like dinner, is eaten in silence, broken only by the voice of the reader, who reads aloud some biographical or historical work.

After supper there is recreation, and at foreign colleges this is always the favorite hour of the day. And very pleasant it is to hear the fresh young voices and merry hearted laughter echoing along the college cloisters.

At 9 the big bell rings out again for the last time that day, and at its first peal the talk and laugh are hushed, the groups break up, all—professors and church students alike—make their way to the church for night prayers. Prayers over the points for the next morning's meditations are read out, and after the singing of a hymn all retire to a well earned rest, which in most cases is only too soon disturbed by the noisy clanging of the great bell in the early morning.

**THE WORK IS HARD.**

Of course, every day is not a study day. Sunday is always, more or less, a day of rest, and at least one afternoon every week is devoted to outdoor recreation.

Yet, in spite of occasional play days, as they are called, and the holidays twice a year, the life is hard enough. It must necessarily go on for some dozen years before the student is called up for ordination. The life of a Catholic priest is indeed one to which many are called, but few are chosen. A great number of those who go to college, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, with the intention of becoming priests, do not reach the goal of ordination.

In some cases health breaks down, many grow weary of the routine and strict discipline of the life, others discover that they have no calling for the ecclesiastical state, and go out into the world to begin life afresh. So, from one cause or another, the student finds that by the time he is ready for ordination he has lost the company of many who stood by his side when he entered college.

Of six who went to college some seventeen years ago with the present writer, one is dead, one is practicing as a doctor in the United States, a third is manager of a bank in the north of England, another is serving as a mounted policeman in South Africa, and only two are priests.—A Catholic Priest in London Tit-Bits.

**No Animals in the Dry Parts of Caves.**

No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of caves. Dampness, or a certain degree of moisture, seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand-leg sort. These thousand-leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungus growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gathered about hardened drips of talow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.—Washington Star.

**Queer Religious Sects in Russia.**

M. Tsakni, a Russian writer, has published an interesting work upon the curious religious sects of Russia, from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of insane and cranky notions in that empire. These communities of devout and deluded Christians are constantly springing up in spite of all the efforts of Russian despots to keep them down.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Knowing Cabbage.**

A cabbage with fourteen heads can be seen in our counting room window. It was raised by Charles F. Mendall on the King Philip road, this city.—New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

Travellers may learn a lesson from Mr. C. D. Cone, a prominent attorney of Parker, Dakota, who says: "I never leave home without taking a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with me, and on many occasions have run with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail. For sale by M. G. Padon, Druggist."



# THE OLD ABE EAGLE,

\$2.50 per year  
in advance.

## Official Paper of the County

## Advertisers

Will find it the best Advertising Medium in the County

Made Known  
on Application.

Rates

## Job Printing

DEPARTMENT

WE are prepared to do all kinds of Commercial Work such as

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, NOTE HEADS,

ENVELOPES, STATEMENTS, CARDS,

INVITATIONS, ETC.

Our work is equal to that of the east and our prices reasonable.

FULL LINE OF LEGAL BLANKS ALWAYS ON HAND.

## ROSS & RAIBLE,

PUBLISHERS "OLD ABE EAGLE."

## NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to work the placer grounds, cut timber on, or otherwise interfere with the property of the Jicarilla Flager Mining Co. without having first made arrangements with the company for so doing. Said property commences at a point about one half mile above the derrier on Ancho gulch thence down to and past the Hocerado ranch about three miles. Also, on Rio gulch about three miles from its junction with Ancho towards head thereof, Also, on Stank gulch, about one and one-half miles from its junction with Ancho, towards head thereof, and about one and a half mile each on Juana and Hay gulch.

THE JICARILLA MINING CO.

7th By ROBT. L. M. ROSS, Gen. Mgr.

## A WARNING!

This Man Sent for his Friend

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!

AND HE GOT SKINNED!